STAR TREK

IN THE DARKNESS OF SPACE THE PITTED, CORRODED SHAPE FLOATED LIKE SOME MONSTROUS COFFIN — TO BE PICKED UP ON THE SCANNER SCREENS OF THE STARSHIP 'ENTERPRISE' CAPTAINED BY JAMES T. KIRK...

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CORGI MODEL CLUB NEWS

THE COMPUTER BANKS MADE THEIR ANALYSIS

...OBJECT IS A SPACE STATION OF OBSOLETE MARK THETA DESIGN. NO PREVIOUS RECORD OF EXACT OUTLINE SHAPE.

IT'S CRAZY! NO SPACE STATION OF *ANY* KIND IS SHOWN ON THE STAR CHARTS. DOCTOR MCCOY, THE STATION SEEMS TO BE COVERED BY SOME KIND OF GROWTH.

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR THE GLOW...!

SAMPLES OF THE RED SPACE MOSS—OR WHATEVER—DUGHT TO BE TAKEN, CAPTAIN

I INTEND TO INVESTIGATE EVERYTHING, MR. SPOCK. YOU AND I WILL ACCOMPANY DOCTOR MCCOY.

THE THREE MEN PREPARED FOR DEPARTURE...

I'M LEAVING YOU IN COMMAND, MR. SCOTT! DON'T BRING THE STAR SHIP CLOSER THAN AREA BLUE 3.

RIGHT, CAPTAIN! BE CAREFUL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I HOPE THE SURVIVAL KIT HAS BEEN PACKED.

IT'S ABOARD! I'LL NEED TO INJECT YOU AGAINST RISK OF INFECTION.

AS THE STARSHIP CREW WATCHED...

LOOK! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE SPACE STATION...?

IT—IT'S BEGINNING TO *CHANGE!*

IT'S LIKE A GIANT SKULL! WOW!

CONTACT CAPTAIN KIRK! WARN HIM OF WHAT WE SEEM TO BE SEEING...!

I CAN'T REACH THE CAPTAIN! INTERFERENCE MAKES COMMUNICATION IMPOSSIBLE

THEY COULD BE NEARING SOME TERRIBLE TRAP!

NOTHING UNUSUAL WAS SEEN FROM THE SHUTTLE...

I'M TAKING HER IN! STAND BY, MR. SPOCK.

A UNIQUE TOUCH DOWN, CAPTAIN! WE APPEAR TO HAVE LOST CONTACT WITH THE ENTERPRISE.

IT'S DERELICT—COMPLETELY DESERTED.

I TRUST YOU ARE RIGHT!

I'LL EXAMINE THE RED MOSS.

NC-17011

SPOCK—LOOK! OVER THERE!

IT'S PECULIAR! THIS IS NO TRUE PLANT OR LICHEN...!

MORE EXCITEMENT NEXT WEEK!

STAR TREK

A SHUTTLECRAFT FROM THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE HAD CARRIED CAPTAIN KIRK, MR. SPOCK AND DOCTOR McCOY TO INVESTIGATE A COFFIN-SHAPED SPACE STATION THAT WAS OVERGROWN BY AN UNCANNY RED MOSS. THEY REALISED THIS MOSS EXERTED AN HYPNOTIC EFFECT CAUSING THEM TO IMAGINE STRANGE THINGS. SUDDENLY KIRK AND McCOY WERE CAUGHT IN A HUGE WEB...

THE GIANT SPIDERS ARE SCUTTLING TOWARDS US!

WE'RE NOT IMAGINING THIS! OR *ARE* WE? SPOCK, WE'RE SNARED!

MR. SPOCK'S PHASER BLASTED...

AS YOU RIGHTLY SURMISE, THE WEB AND SPIDERS ARE NO HALLUCINATION CAUSED BY THE MOSS.

OBSERVATION TELLS ME THE MONSTERS ARE OF MECHANICAL ORIGIN. NOT THAT IT MAKES THEM LESS DANGEROUS.

NEVER MIND... *FIRE!*

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PHEEW. THANK YOU! YOU CHOOSE A STRANGE TIME TO GIVE LECTURES.

BUT HE'S RIGHT, JIM! EVERYTHING'S *CONTRIVED* — THE SPACE STATION NEVER CAME HERE BY CHANCE.

THERE WAS A VIOLENT LURCH...

WHAT IN JUPITER...! JIM, THE SPACE STATION'S IN *MOTION!*

I WAS ALREADY SURE OF IT. I FELT VIBRATIONS.

COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE CONTROL CENTRE! SOMEONE OR *SOMETHING* HAS TO STEER US THROUGH SPACE.

ABOARD THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE...

LOOK — IT'S LEAVING! WITH CAPTAIN KIRK'S PARTY ABOARD

MR. SCOTT, WE MUST FOLLOW! SOMETHING'S TERRIBLY WRONG

STRANGE INTERFERENCE HAD ALREADY BLOTTED OUT ALL COMMUNICATION WITH KIRK, BUT *NOW*...

URRRRR!

AAAAAAH! A—A RED MIST SEEMS TO FILL MY MIND... I CAN'T THINK.

THE—THE SAME MIST'S FILLING THE SCREEN.

MEANWHILE...

THE PLACE IS LIKE A MAZE! WE COULD EVEN BE CIRCLING...

I'M TOO CONFUSED NOW TO KNOW WHERE WE ARE.

SPOCK, USE YOUR CONCENTRATION! YOUR THOUGHT PROCESSES ARE DIFFERENT FROM OURS. WHICH PASSAGE LEADS TO THE CONTROLS?

I'LL TRY, CAPTAIN!

JIM! LOOK OUT!

ANOTHER MONSTER! I'M READY THIS TIME...!

IT'S STILL *THERE!* I'LL SWEAR THE BEAM PASSED STRAIGHT THROUGH IT.

THEN WE HAVENT A CHANCE!

SPOCK BROKE IN...

THERE IS NO MONSTER—EXCEPT IN YOUR MINDS! THIS ONE IS UNREAL, A VISION CAUSED BY THE HYPNOTIC POWER OF THE MOSS...!

SOMEONE IS TRYING DELIBERATELY TO CONFUSE US—TO BREAK DOWN OUR RESISTANCE. WE ARE BEING SUBJECTED TO A SERIES OF VICIOUS PRACTICAL-JOKES!

I'D HARDLY CALL IT THAT, MR. SPOCK!

WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY? READ ON NEXT WEEK.

STAR TREK

THE INVESTIGATION OF A WEIRD MOSS-COVERED SPACE STATION LED CAPTAIN KIRK OF THE 'ENTERPRISE' INTO A TRAP. HE, MR. SPOCK AND DR. MCCOY FOUND THEMSELVES BEAMED DOWN FROM THE SPACE STATION ONTO A PLANET RESEMBLING EARTH. A STARTLING SIGHT GREETED THEM . . .

SPOCK, IT'S JUST LIKE ANCIENT ROME!

A HIGHLY ORIGINAL SITUATION, CAPTAIN! MOST UNIQUE!

A TRUMPET BLARED...

JIM, HE'S SEEN US!

IT'S A SIGNAL!

FIGURES MOVED FROM CONCEALMENT...

AN AMBUSH, CAPTAIN! IT SEEMS WE'RE EXPECTED!

SEIZE THEM—ALIVE!

QUICK—USE YOUR PHASERS! SET THE RAYS AT 'STUN' FORCE

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STAR TREK

BEFORE THE PHASERS COULD BE FIRED . . .

CLANG!

LOOK OUT! NETS!

URRRRRRRRRRR!

DISARM THEM!

WE'VE LOST OUR PHASERS AND COMMUNICATORS. WE'RE HELPLESS

WE MAY BE BACK IN THE PAST BUT THEIR EFFICIENCY IS RIGHT UP TO DATE

IN SOME WAY THIS LINKS WITH THE COFFIN-SHAPED SPACE STATION AND THE HYPNOTIC MOSS. A *VERY* UP-TO-DATE MIND IS INVOLVED.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHERE THEY'RE TAKING US, SPOCK?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, CAPTAIN. *WHY* THEY ARE TAKING US IS WHAT INTERESTS ME.

LATER...

TOMORROW YOU FACE THE 'RACE OF DEATH'! YOU'LL BE WELL FED AND GUARDED TILL THEN.

ONCE THE GREAT DOOR HAD CLOSED...

SPOCK, IS THERE ANY WAY OF ESCAPE? ANY WAY THE 'ENTERPRISE' MIGHT HELP US?

THE RACE OF DEATH? I DON'T FANCY OUR CHANCES.

NEGATIVE, CAPTAIN! THE 'ENTERPRISE' WILL BE SHADOWING THE SPACE STATION AT SAFE DISTANCE. WE HAVE NO MEANS WHATEVER OF GETTING IN TOUCH.

ABOARD THE 'ENTERPRISE' KIRK'S LAST ORDERS WERE BEING OBEYED . . .

NCC

INTERFERENCE STILL JAMS ANY SIGNALS FROM THE SPACE STATION..!

WE WERE NOT TO APPROACH CLOSER THAN AREA BLUE 3.

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, MR. SCOTT?

WE WAIT! WE KNOW SOME UNCANNY POWER GUARDS THE SPACE STATION. WE DARE NOT ENDANGER THE SHIP.

NEXT DAY...

WE SEE THE RACE OF DEATH!

LOOK, THEY TAKE NEW PRISONERS TO COMPETE!

SEE THE THRILLING CLIMAX TO THE RACE OF DEATH NEXT WEEK.

STAR TREK

WHILE INVESTIGATING A MOSS-COVERED SPACE STATION, CAPTAIN KIRK, MR. SPOCK AND DR. McCOY WERE TRANSPORTED TO A PLANET RESEMBLING EARTH DURING ROMAN TIMES. A ROBOT TYRANT, RULING BY HYPNOTISM, FORCED THEM TO COMPETE IN A CHARIOT RACE IN WHICH ONLY THE WINNER WOULD ESCAPE DEATH . . .

DEATH TO THE LOSERS!

DEATH!

ON! ON!

FASTER... FASTER!

SET THE OBSTACLES OF DESTRUCTION! THE CROWD SHALL HAVE A RACE THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!

CRAZED HORSES SWERVED MADLY...

ONE CRASHES—!

AAAAARRRGH!

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STAR TREK
I'VE GOT TO WIN! WE'VE ONE CHANCE! IF I'M WRONG...
MEANWHILE...
SET THE OBSTACLES! THE SURVIVORS APPROACH!
SPOCK! McCOY! LOOK OUT!
THEY'RE STEEL BLADES! IF WE TOUCH ONE—!
THAT WAS CLOSE..!
SOME POOR DEVIL'S HIT ONE!
ON! ON!
FLIGHT THE BLUNTED ARROWS!... FIRE!
KIRK DUCKED IN TIME...
TWO ARE HIT!
SEE, THEY GO OUT OF CONTROL!
SPOCK AND McCOY NARROWLY MISSED DISASTER...
AT LEAST JIM WILL LIVE!
THE CAPTAIN GOES INTO THE LEAD! WE LOSE GROUND...
JIM'S WON!
IT'S THE END FOR US, DOCTOR!
THE LOSERS WERE SEIZED...
THROW THEM TO THE LIONS!
NAY, LET THE WINNER CHOOSE THEIR DEATH!
BRING HIM TO CAESAR! LET ME SEE HIM!
BOW, ALIEN! CAESAR WILL AWARD YOU THE LAUREL WREATH OF VICTORY
NOW'S MY CHANCE! I PLANNED AND HOPED FOR THIS MOMENT... SHOULD I FAIL...!
BOW, DOG!
THE STOCK-LASH SNAPPED OUT...
KRAACK!
I'VE GOT HIM!...NOW —PULLLL!
BY HERMES!..

A NEW AND EXCITING STAR TREK STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK.